

**ADA CAMBRIDGE**

**A. C.**

**Mrs. Cross**

**(1844-1926)**

**Bibliography of Poetry**

**Compiled By**

**Alan John**

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***Hymns on the Litany.* By A. C. 1865 Oxford and London: John Henry and James Parker.**

Humbly now, with deep contrition,  
Life, like some far-reaching ocean,  
By that life so full of sorrow,  
We are weak, and frail, and helpless,  
Jesu, thou knowest  
We love to think of the crystal cross—  
Oh, mystery of mysteries,  
By that lone night, that dreadful night  
When we falter in the battle  
Light of the world, O shine on us,  
Hark! the Church's prayer upspringing,  
Oh, silence the tumult of war for ever,  
Like a harp that with music is always thrilling,  
Lord, till this garden fair,  
Jesu, gentle Shepherd, hear us;  
When we try Thy steps to follow  
Saviour, by Thy sweet compassion,  
Lord of life, we kneel before Thee,  
Earthly props are ever falling;  
Upon Thine Arm confiding,  
As we now to Thee are praying,  
Fair is the earth in its last and best beauty,  
Let our hearts, with sin so darkened,

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***Hymns on the Holy Communion.* By Ada Cambridge, Author of "Hymns on the Litany."**

1866 London: Houlston and Wright

The Breath of organ notes  
Low before Thine Altar bending,  
O God, we kneel to Thee,  
Blessed Lord! what Thou hast taught us  
Bear we not that Name divine for ever  
The dawn of God's dear Sabbath  
Father of Heaven, for all Thy care  
Here on the earth, from its polluted altars,  
O Jesu, pure and sinless,  
The prayer we utter eagerly, beseeching strength and grace,  
May Thy Spirit, bright and holy,  
Thou knowest what is needful for us only,  
At this Thy mercy-seat, O Saviour, kneeling,  
Standing all quietly, with eyes uplifted,  
O Holy One in Three,  
Tis one vast united army,  
Slave-born, with the curse of Eden  
Calmly resting, calmly waiting,  
Waiting, waiting—only waiting,  
Lord, that we hear  
Lord, give us faith, a beacon-light to be

- Almighty Father, when we come to plead  
 This human soul—poor, sinful, erring soul—  
 O Righteous Father and almighty King!  
 Hush now the soul, and calm its eagerness;  
 Jesu! hear us, we implore—  
 Surely a light from Heaven  
 Food of Heaven! Feast of Angels!  
 A dark hill, with clouds encompassèd— >1869  
 Jesu, great Redeemer!  
 Lord, be the veil undrawn that separates  
 Still within the Temple kneeling—  
 Not with lips only, and with folded hands,  
 May it rest upon us ever—in the world so dark and dreary,
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- Lays of the Pious Minstrels. A Collection of English Sacred Music.* Edited and Arranged by  
 Henry Wright. 1866 London: Houlston and Wright  
 Eden's Echoes. Signed Ada Cambridge. pp.43-45  
 Echoes of the Cathedral. Signed Ada Cambridge. pp.88-90  
 The Tombs of the Bishops. Signed Ada Cambridge. pp.118-120  
 The Requiem. Signed Ada Cambridge. pp.158-161
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- The False Love. Signed Ada Cambridge.  
 1867 Oct 19, in *Once a Week* Ser.2 Vol.4, pp.475-477
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- All Saints' Day. By Ada Cambridge.>1875  
 1867 Nov, in *The Churchman's Shilling Magazine* Vol.2, pp.293-294 with illus.
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- Lyra Anglicana. Hymns and Sacred Songs.* Collected and Arranged by the Rev. Robert H.  
 Baynes, M.A. 1868 London: Houlston & Wright  
 The Crown of Thorns. Signed Ada Cambridge. pp.6-8 >1875  
 The Temple of Christ. Signed Ada Cambridge. pp.65-66  
 The Message to the Weary. Signed Ada Cambridge. pp.90-92
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- Autumn. By Ada Cambridge. >1875  
 1868 Oct, in *The Churchman's Shilling Magazine* Vol.4, pp.165-166
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- Advent Hymn. By Ada Cambridge. >1875  
 1868 Dec, in *The Churchman's Shilling Magazine* Vol.4, pp.363-364
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- Manual for Holy Communion.* By Rev. R. H. Baynes, M.A., 1869 London: Whittaker and Co.  
 Father, for Jesus' sake, Signed Ada Cambridge. pp.71-73 >1875  
 A dark hill, with clouds encompassèd— Signed Ada Cambridge. pp.95-96
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- The Angel Voice. Signed A. C., Dunolly.  
 1869 Oct, in *The Australian Journal* Part 53, Vol.5, p.107
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- Cries in the Night.* Signed Ada Cambridge.  
 The Hands that Hang Down. >1875  
 De Profundis. >1875  
 The Crown of Thorns. >1875  
 The Silence in the Church. >1875  
 1869 Nov, in *The Sunday Magazine* Vol.6, pp.80-81
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- The Old Manor-House. Signed Ada Cambridge. >1875  
 1869 Dec, in *Good Words* Vol.10, pp.847-851
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- Seed-Time and Harvest. Signed Ada Cambridge. >1875

1870 Feb, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Vol.6, p.272	
The Invocation of the Holy Child. A Midnight Carol for Christmas Eve. Signed A. C.	
1870 Dec, in <i>The Churchman's Companion</i> Ser.3 Vol.2, pp.411-412	
Even-Song. Unsigned.	>1875
1870 Dec, in <i>The Ladies' Repository</i> Ser.2 Vol.6, pp.448-449 with illus.	
From the Battlefield, Goodnight.	
1871 Feb 18, in <i>The Sydney Mail</i>	
The Crown of Thorns. A Thought for Passion-Tide. Signed A. C.	
1871 Apr, in <i>The Churchman's Companion</i> Ser.3 Vol.3, pp.288-289	
The Land Which is Very Far Away. For the Vigil of All Saints. Signed A. C.	
1871 Oct, in <i>The Churchman's Companion</i> Ser.3 Vol.4, pp.316-317	
Our Martyr King. Thoughts of an Old Royalist Over the Dead Body of Charles I. Signed A. C.	
1872 Jan, in <i>The Churchman's Companion</i> Ser.3 Vol.5, pp.55-57	
A Great Secret. Signed A. C.	
1872 Jan 20, in <i>The Sydney Mail</i> No.603, Vol.13, p.92	
"Is it Nought to You, All Ye That Pass By?" (A Voice from the Darkness of Good Friday.) Signed A. C.	
1872 Mar, in <i>The Churchman's Companion</i> Ser.3 Vol.5, pp.183-185	
Counsel. Signed A. C.	
1872 Mar 16, in <i>The Sydney Mail</i> No.611, Vol.13, p.347	
Gifts of Grace. Signed A. C.	
1872 Jun, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Ser.2 Vol.1, p.641	
The Season. Signed Ada Cambridge.	>1875
1872 Jul, in <i>Good Words</i> Vol.13, pp.447-448	
The Coo of the Cushat. Signed Ada Cambridge.	>1875
1872 Sep, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Ser.2 Vol.1, p.872	
The Feast of Angels, September 29th. Signed A. C.	
1872 Sep, in <i>The Churchman's Companion</i> Ser.3 Vol.6, pp.182-183	
For the Feast of All Saints. Signed A. C.	
1872 Nov, in <i>The Churchman's Companion</i> Ser.3 Vol.6, pp.379-380	
<i>Home Songs for Quiet Hours</i> . Edited by the Rev. R. H. Baynes, M.A. 1873 C. Kegan Paul and Co.	
Autumn. Signed Ada Cambridge. pp.139-140	>1875
Twilight. Signed Ada Cambridge. pp.175-176	
Practising the Anthem. Signed Ada Cambridge., Australia 1872.	>1875
1873 Jul, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Ser.2 Vol.2, pp.691-692	
"This Enlightened Age." A Meditation in the British Museum. Signed Ada Cambridge.	>1875
1873 Aug, in <i>Good Words</i> Vol.14, pp.598-599	
Empty. Signed Ada Cambridge.	>1875
1873 Sep, in <i>Good Words</i> Vol.14, pp.671-672	
Autumn. Signed Ada Cambridge.	>1875
1873 Oct, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Ser.2 Vol.3, p.32	
Awake. Signed Ada Cambridge.	>1875
1873 Nov, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Ser.2 Vol.3, p.97	

The Tide of Life and Death. (All Souls.) Signed A. C. 1873 Nov, in <i>The Churchman's Companion</i> Ser.3 Vol.8, pp.380-381	
The Holy Night. Signed A. C. 1873 Dec, in <i>The Churchman's Companion</i> Ser.3 Vol.8, pp.480-481	
Dawnlight on the Sea. Signed Ada Cambridge. 1874 Feb, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Ser.2 Vol.3, p.320	>1875
The Dawn. Signed Ada Cambridge. 1874 Feb, in <i>Good Words</i> Vol.15, p.120	>1875
Recollection. Signed Alice Campbell. 1874 Mar, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Ser.2 Vol.3, pp.418-419 with illus.	>1875
The Easter Decorations. Signed Ada Cambridge. 1874 Apr, in <i>Good Words</i> Vol.15, pp.287-288	>1875
Tired. Signed Alice Campbell. 1874 Apr, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Ser.2 Vol.3, p.464 with illus.	>1875
Home-Sick. Signed A. C. *By Ada Cambridge. 1874 May, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Ser.2 Vol.3, p.528, *Index	>1875
The Soldier's Grave. Signed Ada Cambridge. 1874 Jun, in <i>Good Words</i> Vol.15, pp.415-416	>1875
A Sigh in the Night. Signed Ada Cambridge. 1874 Jun, in <i>Good Words</i> Vol.15, p.458 with illus.	>1875
An Anniversary. Signed Ada Cambridge. 1874 Sep, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Ser.2 Vol.3, p.824	>1875
<i>Hymns</i> . Signed Alice Campbell.	
The Silence in the Church.	>1875
Holy Communion.	>1875
The Resting-Place. 1874 Sep, in <i>The Sunday Magazine</i> Ser.2 Vol.3, pp.855-856	>1875
By the Camp Fire. Signed Ada Cambridge. 1875 Jan, in <i>Good Words</i> Vol.16, pp.48-50	>1875
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<i>The Manor House and Other Poems</i> . By Ada Cambridge. 1875 London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co.	
The Old Manor House. (1869)	
A Dream of Venice.	
The Hands That Hang Down. (1869, as Cries in the Night. I.—The Hands That Hang Down.) Learn.	
Dawnlight on the Sea. (1874)	
Empty. (1873)	
The Season. (1872)	
"This Enlightened Age." A Meditation in the British Museum. (1873)	
A Story at Dusk.	
A Sermon. Midsummer, 1867.	
The Last Battle of the Cid.	
Tired. (1874)	
Lord Nevil's Advice.	
A Sigh in the Night. (1869, as Cries in the Night. II.—De Profundis.) (1874)	
The Midnight Mass. An Incident of the French Revolution.	

- The Old Maid's Story.  
 The Easter Decorations. (1874)  
 Dead.  
 Recollection. (1874)  
 The Dawn. (1874)  
 The Baptistry.  
 The Soldier's Grave. (1874)  
 All-Saints' Day. (1867)  
 All-Saints' Day. 1868  
 Advent Hymn. (1868)  
 Autumn. (1868) (1873) (1873)  
 The Legend of Lady Gertrude.  
 The Coo of the Cushat. (1872)  
 Looking in the Fire.  
 Grey.  
 Home-Sick. (1874)  
 Practising the Anthem. (1873)  
 Awake. (1873)  
 An Anniversary. (1874)  
 By the Camp Fire. (1875)  
 Unstrung.  
 In Memoriam.  
 The Silence in the Church. (1869, as Cries in the Night. IV.—The Silence in the Church.)  
 (1874, as Hymns. I.—The Silence in the Church.)  
 Holy Communion. (1869, as Father, for Jesus' sake,) (1874, as Hymns. II.—Holy  
 Communion.)  
 Evensong. (1870, as Even-Song.)  
 The Resting-Place. (1874, as Hymns. III.—The Resting-Place.)  
 "After Our Likeness."  
 Aunt Dorothy's Lecture.  
 The Kind Word.  
 The Crown of Thorns. (1868) (1869, as Cries in the Night. III.—The Crown of Thorns.)  
 Seed-Time and Harvest. (1870)  
 The Candle of the Lord.
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- The Empty Place. Signed Ada Cambridge.  
 1876 May, in *The Sunday Magazine* Ser.2 Vol.5, p.570
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- Spring in Winter. Signed A. C.  
 1877 Jul 5, in *Kilmore Free Press* No.635, p.4
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- Lost in the Deep. Signed A. C.  
 1878 Jan, in *The Australian Journal* Part 152, Vol.13, p.256
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- A Lover's Lesson. Signed A. C. >1887  
 1880 Mar 20, in *The Australasian* No.729, Vol.28, p.359
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- What of the Night? Signed A. C. >1887  
 1881 Jan 15, in *The Australasian* No.772, Vol.30, p.71
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- Cui Bono? By A. C., Victoria. >1887  
 1881 Mar 12, in *Newcastle Morning Herald & Miners' Advocate* Vol.9, No.2076, p.2

1881 Mar 26, in *The Australasian Sketcher* No.120, Vol.9, p.110

Afar Off. Signed A. C. >1887

1881 Jul 2, in *The Australasian* No.796, Vol.31, p.7

Good Night. Signed A. C. >1887

1882 Jun 3, in *The Australasian* No.844, Vol.32, p.679

Sic Vos Non Vobis. Signed A. C. >1887

1883 Apr 14, in *The Australasian* No.889, Vol.34, p.455

The Soldier's Love. June, 1885. Signed A. C.

1885 Jun 23, in *The Burra Record* Vol.6, No.451, p.3

Midnight. Signed A. C. >1887

1885 Jul 4, in *The Australasian* No.1005, Vol.39, p.43

The World's Heroes. Signed A. C.

1886 Mar 10, in *Newcastle Morning Herald & Miners' Advocate* Vol.13, No.1114, p.2

In Memoriam. The Very Rev. Dean Russell. Signed A. C., Parkside, May 21, 1886.

1886 May 28, in *The Burra Record* Vol.7, No.457, p.4

1886 May 29, in *The South Australian Weekly Chronicle* Vol.28, No.1449, p.17

Nightfall in the Fens. Signed A. C. >1887

1886 Aug 7, in *The Australasian* No.1062, Vol.41, p.285

*Unspoken Thoughts*. [Anon.] 1887 London: Kegan Paul, Trench

The Shadow.

Influence.

Nightfall in the Fens. (1886)

Honour.

Midnight. (1885)

Despair.

At Liberty.

Vows.

Sic Vos Non Vobis. (1883)

The Physical Conscience.

Listening.

Responsibility.

Cui Bono. (1881) (1881)

Profit and Loss.

Good-Bye.

What of the Night? (1881)

Afar Off. (1881)

Shadow and Substance.

A Lesson. (1880, as A Lover's Lesson.)

Fallen.

A Wife's Protest.

An Old Maid's Lament.

London.

Good Night. (1882)

A Promise.

A Street Riot.

Drunk and Disorderly.

Individuality.

"I Dare Not."

Possibilities.

Ordained.

Reaction.

Contentment.

Too Late.

Seeking.

The Future Verdict.

An Answer.

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America in Samoa. May, 1889. Signed A. C.

1889 Jul, in *The Centennial Magazine* No.12 of Vol.1, p.861

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A Memory. Signed A. C.

1889 Sep, in *The Centennial Magazine* No.2 of Vol.2, p.160

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Evening. Signed A. C.

1889 Nov, in *The Centennial Magazine* No.4 of Vol.2, p.295

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Rest. Signed A. C.

1890 Jul 19, in *The Australasian* No.1268, Vol.49, p.142

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The Fieldfares and the Lighthouse. Signed A. C.

1890 Aug 23, in *The Australasian* No.1273, Vol.49, p.380

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The War. Signed A. C.

1900 Feb 16, in *The Clarence River Advocate* Vol.24, No.1352, p.6

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From Australia. May 7, 1910. Signed A. C.

1910 May 14, in *The Australasian* No.2302, Vol.88, p.1243

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*The Hand in the Dark, and Other Poems.* By Ada Cambridge. 1913 London: William Heinemann

The Hand in the Dark.

*Sanctuaries:*

On Australian Hills.

By a Norfolk Broad.

At Sea.

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*The Watchman and The Night:*

The Watchman.

The Night.

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*The Fieldfares and The Lighthouse:*

The Winged Mariners.

To-morrow.

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Mirage.

A Prayer.

Sic Vos Non Vobis.

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*Motherhood:*

An Old Doll.

Granny.

The Virgin Martyr.

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Mates.

The Vain Question.



At Long Last.  
The Magic Wand.  
Craven-Heart.  
The Future Verdict.  
Good-Bye.

**Sonnets:**

Influence.  
Individuality.  
Contentment.  
Vows.  
Desire.  
Outcast.  
Drunk.  
Fashion.  
The Mob.  
Wasted.  
Honour.  
Despair.  
Faith.  
Peace. July 28, 1887.

Poems in <i>The Hand in the Dark, and Other Poems</i> (1913) were heavily revised.	
COMPARISON TABLE	
1877 - 1910	1913
Nightfall in the Fens. [3 lines x 22]	By a Norfolk Broad. [3 lines x 20]
	Craven-Heart. [3 lines x 5]
The Shadow. [4 lines x 63]	The Hand in the Dark. [4 lines x 78]
	The Night. [4 lines x 33]
The Fieldfares and the lighthouse. [4 lines x 20]	The Winged Mariners. [4 lines x 17]
Afar Off. [4 lines x 21] newspaper	Mirage. [4 lines x 10]
Afar Off. [4 lines x 19] book	
	A Prayer. [4 lines x 9]
	An Old Doll. [4 lines x 18]
	Granny. [4 lines x 16]
Midnight. [4 lines x 21]	
What of the Night? [4 lines x 6] newspaper	
What of the Night? [4 lines x 4] book	
A Wife's Protest. [4 lines x 24]	
Good Night. [4 lines x 18] newspaper	
Good Night. [4 lines x 17] book	
"I Dare Not." [4 lines x 14]	
The World's Heroes. [4 lines x 9]	
In Memoriam. The Very Rev. Dean Russell. [4 lines x 7]	
The War. [4 lines x 6]	
An Old Maid's Lament. [5 lines x 4]	The Virgin Martyr. [5 lines x 4]
Listening. [5 lines x 10]	The Magic Wand. [5 lines x 8]

The Future Verdict. [5 lines x 6]	The Future Verdict. [5 lines x 6]
Good-Bye. [5 lines x 4]	Good-Bye. [5 lines x 4]
Cui Bono? [6 lines x 14]	The Vain Question. [6 lines x 13]
Too Late. [6 lines x 8]	At Long Last. [6 lines x 6]
Lost in the Deep. [6 lines x 5]	
A Lover's Lesson. [6 lines x 8] newspaper A Lesson. [6 lines x 4] book	
From Australia. May 7, 1910. [6 lines x 6]	
Rest. [7 lines x 9]	On Australian Hills. [7 lines x 10 + 6 lines x 9]
	To-morrow. [7 lines x 4]
Spring in Winter. [8 lines x 3]	
The Soldier's Love. [8 lines x 5]	
Influence. [Sonnet]	Influence. [Sonnet]
Individuality. [Sonnet]	Individuality. [Sonnet]
Contentment. [Sonnet]	Contentment. [Sonnet]
Vows. [Sonnet]	Vows. [Sonnet]
Seeking. [Sonnet]	Desire. [Sonnet]
Fallen. [Sonnet]	Outcast. [Sonnet]
Drunk and Disorderly. [Sonnet]	Drunk. [Sonnet]
	Fashion. [Sonnet]
A Street Riot. [Sonnet]	The Mob. [Sonnet]
Profit and Loss. [Sonnet]	Wasted. [Sonnet]
Honour. [Sonnet]	Honour. [Sonnet]
Despair. [Sonnet]	Despair. [Sonnet]
Shadow and Substance. [Sonnet]	Faith. [Sonnet]
Evening. [Sonnet.]	Peace. July 28, 1887. [Sonnet]
The Physical Conscience. [Sonnet]	
Responsibility. [Sonnet]	
London. [Sonnet]	
Possibilities. [Sonnet]	
Reaction. [Sonnet]	
An Answer. [Sonnet]	
A Memory. [9 lines x 4]	At Sea. [9 lines x 7]
Sic Vos Non Vobis. [9 lines x 9]	Sic Vos Non Vobis. [9 lines x 6]
	Mates. [9 lines x 13]
At Liberty. [9 lines x 17]	
America in Samoa. May, 1889. [9 lines x 7]	
Ordained. [10 lines x 10]	The Watchman. [10 lines x 14]
A Promise. [10 lines x 4]	

TABLE 2	
First lines	Titles
"Friend," quoth Lord Nevil, "thou art young	Lord Nevil's Advice.
"On board the Petrel, in St. Lucia's bay,	Dead.
A dark hill, with clouds encompassed—	-
A dark hill, with clouds encompassed—	-
A dark hill, with clouds encompassed—	-
A summer wind blows through the open porch,	Practising the Anthem.
A summer wind blows through the open porch,	Practising the Anthem.
A vision haunts me, love, when thou art near,	The Shadow.

A wave-worn boulder, with green sea-moss wrapping	Recollection.
A wave-worn boulder, with green sea-moss wrapping	Recollection.
Ah, 'twas but now I saw the sun flush pink on yonder placid tide:	By the Camp Fire.
Ah, 'twas but now I saw the sun flush pink on yonder placid tide;	By the Camp Fire.
All the wild waves rock'd in shadow,	The Dawn.
All the wild waves rocked in shadow,	The Dawn.
Almighty Father, when we come to plead	-
Alone! Alone! No beacon, far or near!	Despair.
Alone! Alone! No beacon, far or near!	Despair.
An evening all aglow with summer light	A Story at Dusk.
An old house, crumbling half away, all barnacled and lichen-grown,	The Old Manor-House.
An old house, crumbling half away, all barnacled and lichen-grown,	The Old Manor House.
And is the Great Cause lost beyond recall?	Faith.
And must I wear a silken life,	The Season.
And must I wear a silken life,	The Season.
And thus I see thee for the last sad time,	Our Martyr King. Thoughts of an Old Royalist Over the Dead Body of Charles I.
Another mile—a year	Advent Hymn.
Another mile—a year	Advent Hymn.
As an April garden	The Magic Wand.
As flower to sun its drop of dew	An Anniversary.
As flower to sun its drop of dew	An Anniversary.
As in the depths of embryonic night,	Influence.
As in the mists of embryonic night,	Influence.
As we now to Thee are praying,	-
At fall of night, when stars begin to shine,	The Fieldfares and the Lighthouse.
At this Thy mercy-seat, O Saviour, kneeling,	-
Ay, many and many a year's gone by,	The Old Maid's Story.
Bear we not that Name divine for ever	-
Beautiful gray-haired love is mine,	Spring in Winter.
Before me now a little picture lies—	"After Our Likeness."
Blessed are they whose baby-souls are bright—	All Saints' Day.
Blessed are they whose baby-souls are bright,	All-Saints' Day.
Blessed Lord! what Thou hast taught us	-
Bright eyes, sweet lips, with many fevers fill	Desire.
Bright eyes, sweet lips, with sudden fevers fill	Seeking.
Bright faces come and go—fair shapes	The Empty Place.
By that life so full of sorrow,	-
By that lone night, that dreadful night	-
Calm as that moonbeam on the wall,	Awake.
Calm as that moonbeam on the wall,	Awake.
Calmly resting, calmly waiting,	-
Calmly the Paschal moonlight now is sleeping	The Resting-Place.
Calmly the Paschal moonlight now is sleeping	The Resting-Place.

Can this be my poem?—this poor fragment	Empty.
Can this be my poem?—this poor fragment	Empty.
Come, go and practise—get your work—	Aunt Dorothy's Lecture.
Come, Holy Child, we wait for Thee,	The Invocation of the Holy Child. A Midnight Carol for Christmas Eve.
Contentment! 'tis a virtue, sages say—	Contentment.
Danceth the festive light	The Holy Night.
Each day a new sword flashes in the van;	Profit and Loss.
Each day another soldier in the van,	Wasted.
Earth, outward turning on her path in space	Rest.
Earth, outward turning on her path in space	On Australian Hills.
Earthly props are ever falling;	-
E'en so; the Lord their God shall give them light,	For the Feast of All Saints.
Every wild she-bird has nest and mate in the warm April weather,	An Old Maid's Lament.
Every wild she-bird has nest and mate in the warm April weather,	The Virgin Martyr.
Fair is the earth in its last and best beauty,	-
Fallen the lofty halls, where vassal crowds	The Legend of Lady Gertrude.
Far away from home and kindred,	The Soldier's Love. June, 1885.
Father of Heaven, for all Thy care	-
Father, for Jesus' sake,	Holy Communion.
Father, for Jesus' sake,	Holy Communion.
Father, for Jesus' sake,	-
Father, for Jesus' sake,	-
Food of Heaven! Feast of Angels!	-
For truth—not selfish souls to save;	Sic Vos Non Vobis.
For truth—not selfish souls to save;	Sic Vos Non Vobis.
For want of bread to eat and clothes to wear—	Fallen.
Fret not thyself so sorely, heart of mine,	Seed-Time and Harvest.
Fret not thyself so sorely, heart of mine,	Seed-Time and Harvest.
Good-bye!—'tis like a churchyard bell—good-bye!	Good-Bye.
Good-bye!—'tis like a churchyard bell—Good-bye!	Good-Bye.
Hark! how that eloquent note	The Requiem.
Hark! the Church's prayer upspringing,	-
Here in the silence stand,	Eden's Echoes.
Here on the earth, from its polluted altars,	-
Here, in her elbow chair, she sits	Granny.
How calm the spangled city spread below!	The Hand in the Dark.
How will our unborn children scoff at us	The Future Verdict.
How will our unborn children scoff at us	The Future Verdict.
Humbly now, with deep contrition,	-
Hush now the soul, and calm its eagerness;	-
I hear strange voices in the air.	"I Dare Not."
I know now why the world was sad,	A Lesson.
I know now why the world was sad,	A Lover's Lesson.
I say it to myself—in meekest awe	"This Enlightened Age." A Meditation in the British Museum.

I say it to myself—in meekest awe—	"This Enlightened Age." A Meditation in the British Museum.
I see, in light of dreams, again,	A Memory.
I stood on my watch by the sea	The Tide of Life and Death. (All Souls.)
In bitter sorrow did the ground bring forth	The Crown of Thorns.
In bitterest sorrow did the ground bring forth	The Crown of Thorns.
In bitterest sorrow did the ground bring forth	The Crown of Thorns.
In the dim Cathedral chancel, where the organ- notes are pealing,	The Tombs of the Bishops.
In the fast-waning year, when leaves are red,	The Feast of Angels, September 29th.
In the grey and shadowy morning,	Echoes of the Cathedral.
Is it a virtue, as the sages say,	Contentment.
Is it a will o' the wisp, or is dawn breaking,	Afar Off.
Is it a will o' the wisp, or is dawn breaking,	Afar Off.
Is it a will-o'-the-wisp, or is dawn breaking,	Mirage.
Is it nought to you that I have suffered	"Is it Nought to You, All Ye That Pass By?" (A Voice from the Darkness of Good Friday.)
Is the morning dim and cloudy? Does the wind drift up the leaves?	Grey.
It boots not to retrace the path	Mates.
Jesu! hear us, we implore—	-
Jesu, gentle Shepherd, hear us;	-
Jesu, great Redeemer!	-
Jesu, thou knowest	-
Labour, and strife, and toil—	The Message to the Weary.
Late, late, the prize is drawn, the goal attained,	At Long Last.
Learn, learn, learn,—	Learn.
Let our hearts, with sin so darkened,	-
Let us, dear friend, in mutual strength arise	Reaction.
Life, like some far-reaching ocean,	-
Life—length of days—the time to work and strive	In Memoriam.
Light of the world, O shine on us,	-
Like a harp that with music is always thrilling,	-
Like a white snowdrop in the spring	A Wife's Protest.
Lord of life, we kneel before Thee,	-
Lord, be the veil undrawn that separates	-
Lord, give us faith, a beacon-light to be	-
Lord, that we hear	-
Lord, till this garden fair,	-
Lost in the deep! The angry waves	Lost in the Deep.
Love, thou hast wandered far and wide,	Good Night.
Love, thou hast wandered far and wide,	Good Night.
Low before Thine Altar bending,	-
Low he lay upon his dying couch, the knight without a stain,	The Last Battle of the Cid.
Low on her little stool she sits	An Old Doll.
May it rest upon us ever—in the world so dark and dreary,	-
May Thy Spirit, bright and holy,	-

Me let the world disparage and despise—	Honour.
Me let the world disparage and despise—	Honour.
My friend, here's a secret	A Great Secret.
My skies were blue, and my sun was bright,	Unstrung.
Nay, ask me not. I would not dare pretend	Vows.
Never to weary more, nor suffer sorrow,—	All-Saints' Day.
No regal crown was Thine,	The Crown of Thorns. A Thought for Passion-Tide.
No sight to me like sight of ships	At Liberty.
Not with lips only, and with folded hands,	-
Numb, half asleep, and dazed with whirl of wheels,	A Dream of Venice.
O for wings, that I might soar	Tired.
O for wings, that I might soar,	Tired.
O God, we kneel to Thee,	-
O Holy One in Three,	-
O Holy Spirit, we entreat,	The Silence in the Church.
O Holy Spirit, we entreat,	The Silence in the Church.
O Holy Spirit, we entreat,	The Silence in the Church.
O Jesu, pure and sinless,	-
O Lord, I am so tired!	The Hands that Hang Down.
O Lord, I am so tired!	The Hands That Hang Down.
O Righteous Father and almighty King!	-
O sweet darkness, still and calm and lonely!	De Profundis.
O sweet darkness, still and calm and lonely,	A Sigh in the Night.
O sweet darkness, still, and calm, and lonely!	A Sigh in the Night.
O take away your dried and painted garlands!	The Easter Decorations.
O take away your dried and painted garlands!	The Easter Decorations.
O Time, great Healer! canst thou still	Home-Sick.
O time, great healer, canst thou still	Home-Sick.
O, chiming waves:	The Land Which is Very Far Away. For the Vigil of All Saints.
Oh, mystery of mysteries,	-
Oh, silence the tumult of war for ever,	-
One hour ago the crimson sun, that seemed so long a-drowning, sank.	By a Norfolk Broad.
One hour ago the red-hot sun below the bright horizon sank.	Nightfall in the Fens.
One hour ago the red-hot sun below the bright horizon sank.	Nightfall in the Fens.
One winter eve, at twilight, when the sound	The Baptistry.
Our spirit—ay, our own!—the tree whose fruits	The Candle of the Lord.
Outside the nations' armored pale,	America in Samoa. May, 1889.
Over the smooth lawns, broider'd with violets,	The Coo of the Cushat.
Over the smooth lawns, broidered with violets,	The Coo of the Cushat.
Over the Transvaal the war clouds have lowered,	The War.
Perchance for dear Life's sake—and life is sweet—	Outcast.
Phew! 'Tis a stuffy and stupid place,	Individuality.

Poor, hapless souls! at whom we stand aghast,	A Street Riot.
Poor, staggering brute, whom one and all disdain!	Drunk and Disorderly.
Saviour, by Thy sweet compassion,	-
See those resplendent creatures, as they glide	Fashion.
Seek not to walk by borrowed light,	Counsel.
Should'st thou, in grip of dread disease,	A Promise.
Slave-born, with the curse of Eden	-
So dim and cold and lonely—with no light	Twilight.
So still—so still! Only the endless sighing	Autumn.
So still—so still! Only the endless sighing	Autumn.
So still—so still! Only the endless sighing	Autumn.
So still—so still! Only the endless sighing	Autumn.
Speak kindly, wife; the little ones will grow	The Kind Word.
Spirit and Breath of Life, whate'er Thy name!	A Prayer.
Standing all quietly, with eyes uplifted,	-
Still within the Temple kneeling—	-
Surely a light from Heaven	-
The Breath of organ notes	-
The dawn of God's dear Sabbath	-
The drooping flag hangs low;	From Australia. May 7, 1910.
The filthy beast! And is he here again,	Drunk.
The gorgeous stream of England's wealth goes by,	London.
The light lay trembling in a silver bar	The Midnight Mass. An Incident of the French Revolution.
The lighthouse shines across the sea;	To-morrow.
The moral conscience—court of last appeal—	The Physical Conscience.
The night is clear and still. The moon rides high.	Midnight.
The night is clear and still. The moon rides high.	Midnight.
The prayer we utter eagerly, beseeching strength and grace,	-
The red rose-flush fades slowly in the west;	Evening.
The red-rose flush fades slowly in the west.	Peace. (July 18, 1887).
The snow falls soft and thick. My cedar bough	Looking in the Fire.
The sun has set; grey shadows darken slowly	Evensong.
The sun has set; the shadows darken slowly	Even-Song.
The white moon rose o'er the castle grey,	The False Love.
There are who fear the loosing of the knot	Possibilities.
This human soul—poor, sinful, erring soul—	-
Those anguished voices in the air!	Craven-Heart.
Thou givest, Lord, to Nature law,	Gifts of Grace.
Thou knowest what is needful for us only,	-
Through jewelled windows in the walls	Ordained.
Through jewelled windows in the walls,	The Watchman.
Through the wild night, the silence and the dark,	The Winged Mariners.
Thy love I am. Thy wife I cannot be.	An Answer.
Tis one vast united army,	-
To be original is to brave disgrace.	Individuality.

To you, who look so low,	What of the Night?
To you, who look so low,	What of the Night?
Too late the prize is drawn, the goal attained.	Too Late.
'Twas long ago, in the summer time,	The Soldier's Grave.
'Twas long ago, in the summer-time,	The Soldier's Grave.
Upon Thine Arm confiding,	-
Waiting, waiting—only waiting,	-
Watchman, what of the night?	The Night.
We are weak, and frail, and helpless,	-
We have heard many sermons, you and I,	A Sermon. Midsummer, 1867.
We kissed thy brow, and with a soft "good-night,"	In Memoriam. The Very Rev. Dean Russell.
We kissed thy brow, and with a soft "good-night,"	In Memoriam. The Very Rev. Dean Russell.
We kneel upon that holy altar step,	The Temple of Christ.
We love to think of the crystal cross—	-
We see the world's great heroes stand	The World's Heroes.
What have we lost with our lost Heaven and Hell?	Shadow and Substance.
What worth are promises? We can pretend	Vows.
When earth's winter bareness	Listening.
When I kneel down the dawn is only breaking;	Dawnlight on the Sea.
When I kneel down the dawn is only breaking;	Dawnlight on the Sea.
When the investing darkness grows,	At Sea.
When we falter in the battle	-
When we try Thy steps to follow	-
Why are our ideals hid from hostile eyes	Responsibility.
Why are you weeping, dear mother, for me?	The Angel Voice.
Why should we care for storms that rave and rend,	Cui Bono?
Why should we care for storms that rave and rend,	Cui Bono?
Why should we care for storms that rave and rend,	Cui Bono.
Why should we court the storms that rave and rend,	The Vain Question.
Why stand dumbfounded and aghast,	The Mob.
Ye, that the untrod paths have braved,	Sic Vos Non Vobis.
?	From the Battlefield, Goodnight.

TABLE 3	
Titles	First lines
"After Our Likeness."	Before me now a little picture lies—
"I Dare Not."	I hear strange voices in the air.
"Is it Nought to You, All Ye That Pass By?" (A Voice from the Darkness of Good Friday.)	Is it nought to you that I have suffered
"This Enlightened Age." A Meditation in the British Museum.	I say it to myself—in meekest awe—
"This Enlightened Age." A Meditation in the British Museum.	I say it to myself—in meekest awe



A Dream of Venice.	Numb, half asleep, and dazed with whirl of wheels,
A Great Secret.	My friend, here's a secret
A Lesson.	I know now why the world was sad,
A Lover's Lesson.	I know now why the world was sad,
A Memory.	I see, in light of dreams, again,
A Prayer.	Spirit and Breath of Life, whate'er Thy name!
A Promise.	Should'st thou, in grip of dread disease,
A Sermon. Midsummer, 1867.	We have heard many sermons, you and I,
A Sigh in the Night.	O sweet darkness, still and calm and lonely,
A Sigh in the Night.	O sweet darkness, still, and calm, and lonely!
A Story at Dusk.	An evening all aglow with summer light
A Street Riot.	Poor, hapless souls! at whom we stand aghast,
A Wife's Protest.	Like a white snowdrop in the spring
Advent Hymn.	Another mile—a year
Advent Hymn.	Another mile—a year
Afar Off.	Is it a will o' the wisp, or is dawn breaking,
Afar Off.	Is it a will o' the wisp, or is dawn breaking,
All Saints' Day.	Blessed are they whose baby-souls are bright—
All-Saints' Day.	Blessed are they whose baby-souls are bright,
All-Saints' Day.	Never to weary more, nor suffer sorrow,—
America in Samoa. May, 1889.	Outside the nations' armored pale,
An Anniversary.	As flower to sun its drop of dew
An Anniversary.	As flower to sun its drop of dew
An Answer.	Thy love I am. Thy wife I cannot be.
An Old Doll.	Low on her little stool she sits
An Old Maid's Lament.	Every wild she-bird has nest and mate in the warm April weather,
At Liberty.	No sight to me like sight of ships
At Long Last.	Late, late, the prize is drawn, the goal attained,
At Sea.	When the investing darkness grows,
Aunt Dorothy's Lecture.	Come, go and practise—get your work—
Autumn.	So still—so still! Only the endless sighing
Autumn.	So still—so still! Only the endless sighing
Autumn.	So still—so still! Only the endless sighing
Autumn.	So still—so still! Only the endless sighing
Awake.	Calm as that moonbeam on the wall,
Awake.	Calm as that moonbeam on the wall,
By a Norfolk Broad.	One hour ago the crimson sun, that seemed so long a-drowning, sank.
By the Camp Fire.	Ah, 'twas but now I saw the sun flush pink on yonder placid tide:
By the Camp Fire.	Ah, 'twas but now I saw the sun flush pink on yonder placid tide;
Contentment.	Contentment! 'tis a virtue, sages say—
Contentment.	Is it a virtue, as the sages say,
Counsel.	Seek not to walk by borrowed light,
Craven-Heart.	Those anguished voices in the air!
Cui Bono?	Why should we care for storms that rave and rend,

Cui Bono?	Why should we care for storms that rave and rend,
Cui Bono.	Why should we care for storms that rave and rend,
Dawnlight on the Sea.	When I kneel down the dawn is only breaking;
Dawnlight on the Sea.	When I kneel down the dawn is only breaking;
De Profundis.	O sweet darkness, still and calm and lonely!
Dead.	"On board the Petrel, in St. Lucia's bay,
Desire.	Bright eyes, sweet lips, with many fevers fill
Despair.	Alone! Alone! No beacon, far or near!
Despair.	Alone! Alone! No beacon, far or near!
Drunk and Disorderly.	Poor, staggering brute, whom one and all disdain!
Drunk.	The filthy beast! And is he here again,
Echoes of the Cathedral.	In the grey and shadowy morning,
Eden's Echoes.	Here in the silence stand,
Empty.	Can this be my poem?—this poor fragment
Empty.	Can this be my poem?—this poor fragment
Evening.	The red rose-flush fades slowly in the west;
Even-Song.	The sun has set; the shadows darken slowly
Evensong.	The sun has set; grey shadows darken slowly
Faith.	And is the Great Cause lost beyond recall?
Fallen.	For want of bread to eat and clothes to wear—
Fashion.	See those resplendent creatures, as they glide
For the Feast of All Saints.	E'en so; the Lord their God shall give them light,
From Australia. May 7, 1910.	The drooping flag hangs low;
From the Battlefield, Goodnight.	?
Gifts of Grace.	Thou givest, Lord, to Nature law,
Good Night.	Love, thou hast wandered far and wide,
Good Night.	Love, thou hast wandered far and wide,
Good-Bye.	Good-bye!—'tis like a churchyard bell—good-bye!
Good-Bye.	Good-bye!—'t'is like a churchyard bell—Good-bye!
Granny.	Here, in her elbow chair, she sits
Grey.	Is the morning dim and cloudy? Does the wind drift up the leaves?
Holy Communion.	Father, for Jesus' sake,
Holy Communion.	Father, for Jesus' sake,
Home-Sick.	O time, great healer, canst thou still
Home-Sick.	O Time, great Healer! canst thou still
Honour.	Me let the world disparage and despise—
Honour.	Me let the world disparage and despise—
In Memoriam.	Life—length of days—the time to work and strive
In Memoriam. The Very Rev. Dean Russell.	We kissed thy brow, and with a soft "good-night,"
In Memoriam. The Very Rev. Dean Russell.	We kissed thy brow, and with a soft "good-night,"
Individuality.	To be original is to brave disgrace.

Individuality.	Phew! 'T'is a stuffy and stupid place,
Influence.	As in the mists of embryonic night,
Influence.	As in the deeps of embryonic night,
Learn.	Learn, learn, learn,—
Listening.	When earth's winter bareness
London.	The gorgeous stream of England's wealth goes by,
Looking in the Fire.	The snow falls soft and thick. My cedar bough
Lord Nevil's Advice.	"Friend," quoth Lord Nevil, "thou art young
Lost in the Deep.	Lost in the deep! The angry waves
Mates.	It boots not to retrace the path
Midnight.	The night is clear and still. The moon rides high.
Midnight.	The night is clear and still. The moon rides high.
Mirage.	Is it a will-o'-the-wisp, or is dawn breaking,
Nightfall in the Fens.	One hour ago the red-hot sun below the bright horizon sank.
Nightfall in the Fens.	One hour ago the red-hot sun below the bright horizon sank.
On Australian Hills.	Earth, outward turning on her path in space
Ordained.	Through jewelled windows in the walls
Our Martyr King. Thoughts of an Old Royalist Over the Dead Body of Charles I.	And thus I see thee for the last sad time,
Outcast.	Perchance for dear Life's sake—and life is sweet—
Peace. (July 18, 1887).	The red-rose flush fades slowly in the west.
Possibilities.	There are who fear the loosing of the knot
Practising the Anthem.	A summer wind blows through the open porch,
Practising the Anthem.	A summer wind blows through the open porch,
Profit and Loss.	Each day a new sword flashes in the van;
Reaction.	Let us, dear friend, in mutual strength arise
Recollection.	A wave-worn boulder, with green sea-moss wrapping
Recollection.	A wave-worn boulder, with green sea-moss wrapping
Responsibility.	Why are our ideals hid from hostile eyes
Rest.	Earth, outward turning on her path in space
Seed-Time and Harvest.	Fret not thyself so sorely, heart of mine,
Seed-Time and Harvest.	Fret not thyself so sorely, heart of mine,
Seeking.	Bright eyes, sweet lips, with sudden fevers fill
Shadow and Substance.	What have we lost with our lost Heaven and Hell?
Sic Vos Non Vobis.	For truth—not selfish souls to save;
Sic Vos Non Vobis.	For truth—not selfish souls to save;
Sic Vos Non Vobis.	Ye, that the untrod paths have braved,
Spring in Winter.	Beautiful gray-haired love is mine,
The Angel Voice.	Why are you weeping, dear mother, for me?
The Baptistry.	One winter eve, at twilight, when the sound
The Candle of the Lord.	Our spirit—ay, our own!—the tree whose fruits
The Coo of the Cushat.	Over the smooth lawns, broidered with violets,
The Coo of the Cushat.	Over the smooth lawns, broider'd with violets,

The Crown of Thorns.	In bitter sorrow did the ground bring forth
The Crown of Thorns.	In bitterest sorrow did the ground bring forth
The Crown of Thorns.	In bitterest sorrow did the ground bring forth
The Crown of Thorns. A Thought for Passion-Tide.	No regal crown was Thine,
The Dawn.	All the wild waves rocked in shadow,
The Dawn.	All the wild waves rock'd in shadow,
The Easter Decorations.	O take away your dried and painted garlands!
The Easter Decorations.	O take away your dried and painted garlands!
The Empty Place.	Bright faces come and go—fair shapes
The False Love.	The white moon rose o'er the castle grey,
The Feast of Angels, September 29th.	In the fast-waning year, when leaves are red,
The Fieldfares and the Lighthouse.	At fall of night, when stars begin to shine,
The Future Verdict.	How will our unborn children scoff at us
The Future Verdict.	How will our unborn children scoff at us
The Hand in the Dark.	How calm the spangled city spread below!
The Hands that Hang Down.	O Lord, I am so tired!
The Hands That Hang Down.	O Lord, I am so tired!
The Holy Night.	Danceth the festive light
The Invocation of the Holy Child. A Midnight Carol for Christmas Eve.	Come, Holy Child, we wait for Thee,
The Kind Word.	Speak kindly, wife; the little ones will grow
The Land Which is Very Far Away. For the Vigil of All Saints.	O, chiming waves:
The Last Battle of the Cid.	Low he lay upon his dying couch, the knight without a stain,
The Legend of Lady Gertrude.	Fallen the lofty halls, where vassal crowds
The Magic Wand.	As an April garden
The Message to the Weary.	Labour, and strife, and toil—
The Midnight Mass. An Incident of the French Revolution.	The light lay trembling in a silver bar
The Mob.	Why stand dumbfounded and aghast,
The Night.	Watchman, what of the night?
The Old Maid's Story.	Ay, many and many a year's gone by,
The Old Manor-House.	An old house, crumbling half away, all barnacled and lichen-grown,
The Old Manor House.	An old house, crumbling half away, all barnacled and lichen-grown,
The Physical Conscience.	The moral conscience—court of last appeal—
The Requiem.	Hark! how that eloquent note
The Resting-Place.	Calmly the Paschal moonlight now is sleeping
The Resting-Place.	Calmly the Paschal moonlight now is sleeping
The Season.	And must I wear a silken life,
The Season.	And must I wear a silken life,
The Shadow.	A vision haunts me, love, when thou art near,
The Silence in the Church.	O Holy Spirit, we entreat,
The Silence in the Church.	O Holy Spirit, we entreat,
The Silence in the Church.	O Holy Spirit, we entreat,
The Soldier's Grave.	'Twas long ago, in the summer time,
The Soldier's Grave.	'Twas long ago, in the summer-time,

The Soldier's Love. June, 1885.	Far away from home and kindred,
The Temple of Christ.	We kneel upon that holy altar step,
The Tide of Life and Death. (All Souls.)	I stood on my watch by the sea
The Tombs of the Bishops.	In the dim Cathedral chancel, where the organ- notes are pealing,
The Vain Question.	Why should we court the storms that rave and rend,
The Virgin Martyr.	Every wild she-bird has nest and mate in the warm April weather,
The War.	Over the Transvaal the war clouds have lowered,
The Watchman.	Through jewelled windows in the walls,
The Winged Mariners.	Through the wild night, the silence and the dark,
The World's Heroes.	We see the world's great heroes stand
Tired.	O for wings, that I might soar,
Tired.	O for wings, that I might soar
To-morrow.	The lighthouse shines across the sea;
Too Late.	Too late the prize is drawn, the goal attained.
Twilight.	So dim and cold and lonely—with no light
Unstrung.	My skies were blue, and my sun was bright,
Vows.	What worth are promises? We can pretend
Vows.	Nay, ask me not. I would not dare pretend
Wasted.	Each day another soldier in the van,
What of the Night?	To you, who look so low,
What of the Night?	To you, who look so low,
-	A dark hill, with clouds encompassed—
-	A dark hill, with clouds encompassed—
-	A dark hill, with clouds encompassèd—
-	Almighty Father, when we come to plead
-	As we now to Thee are praying,
-	At this Thy mercy-seat, O Saviour, kneeling,
-	Bear we not that Name divine for ever
-	Blessed Lord! what Thou hast taught us
-	By that life so full of sorrow,
-	By that lone night, that dreadful night
-	Calmly resting, calmly waiting,
-	Earthly props are ever falling;
-	Fair is the earth in its last and best beauty,
-	Father of Heaven, for all Thy care
-	Father, for Jesus' sake,
-	Father, for Jesus' sake,
-	Food of Heaven! Feast of Angels!
-	Hark! the Church's prayer upspringing,
-	Here on the earth, from its polluted altars,
-	Humbly now, with deep contrition,
-	Hush now the soul, and calm its eagerness;
-	Jesu! hear us, we implore—
-	Jesu, gentle Shepherd, hear us;
-	Jesu, great Redeemer!

-	Jesu, thou knowest
-	Let our hearts, with sin so darkened,
-	Life, like some far-reaching ocean,
-	Light of the world, O shine on us,
-	Like a harp that with music is always thrilling,
-	Lord of life, we kneel before Thee,
-	Lord, be the veil undrawn that separates
-	Lord, give us faith, a beacon-light to be
-	Lord, that we hear
-	Lord, till this garden fair,
-	Low before Thine Altar bending,
-	May it rest upon us ever—in the world so dark and dreary,
-	May Thy Spirit, bright and holy,
-	Not with lips only, and with folded hands,
-	O God, we kneel to Thee,
-	O Holy One in Three,
-	O Jesu, pure and sinless,
-	O Righteous Father and almighty King!
-	Oh, mystery of mysteries,
-	Oh, silence the tumult of war for ever,
-	Saviour, by Thy sweet compassion,
-	Slave-born, with the curse of Eden
-	Standing all quietly, with eyes uplifted,
-	Still within the Temple kneeling—
-	Surely a light from Heaven
-	The Breath of organ notes
-	The dawn of God's dear Sabbath
-	The prayer we utter eagerly, beseeching strength and grace,
-	This human soul—poor, sinful, erring soul—
-	Thou knowest what is needful for us only,
-	Tis one vast united army,
-	Upon Thine Arm confiding,
-	Waiting, waiting—only waiting,
-	We are weak, and frail, and helpless,
-	We love to think of the crystal cross—
-	When we falter in the battle
-	When we try Thy steps to follow

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